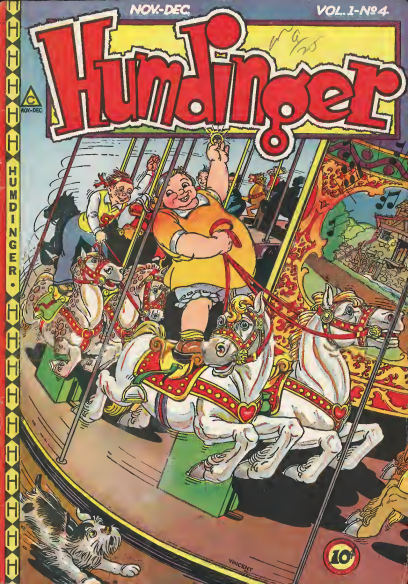


NOV-DEC

VOL. 1-Nº 4

Humdinger



VINCENT



Speck, Spot and Sie

BY VINCENT

GOSH, SIS, SINCE WHEN HAVE YOU GONE IN FOR MUSCLE BUILDING?

DON'T BE DAFFY-- (GAGG!)--IT'S TAFFY! I'M MAKING IT FOR THE BIG CHURCH BAZAAR---

ARF!



TOO BAD YOU AREN'T GONNA SELL ANYTHING, SPECK! IT'S LOTS O' FUN!

YOU THINK I'M NOT? I GOT A DATE WITH MY PAL, BLUFF! WE'RE GONNA SELL POPCORN!



NO, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SELL POPCORN, SPECK! I PROMISED MRS. HUGHES YOU'D CARRY WATER FOR HER LEMONADE BOOTH!

YOU PROMISED HER THAT I'D CARRY WATER--AW, MA!

FRESH HOMEMADE
TAFFY!
50¢ A BOX!
COME 'N GET IT!

Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director; Helen Doug Schmid, Associate Editor; Alfred V. Fagg, Art Consultant; HUNDINGER, Vol. 1, No. 4, November-December, 1946, published bi-monthly by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co., Inc., P. O. Box 1156, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 16th St., New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright 1946 by The Premium Service Co., Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

THAT'S A DEAR, DEAR, BOY, SPECK! IT'S ONLY A BLOCK AND A HALF TO THE HYDRANT--NOW HURRY BACK!

AWRIGHT, MRS. HUGHES!

LEMONADE

STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS! IN ONE OF THE PIECES OF THIS DELICIOUS COCONUT CAKE LIES A TEN-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE--AND WHOEVER GETS IT--

BOY, DOES THAT LOOK GOOD! FAT CHANCE I'LL HAVE GETTING IN ON IT!

I'LL TAKE A PIECE

ME, NEITHER!

MRS. TODD'S CAKE BOOTH TRY YOUR LUCK FOR THE TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE

HOWDY, SPECK! IT'S A SWELL CAKE--WANT A TRY?

OH, THANKS, DR TWERP, BUT I GOTTA CARRY LEMONADE WATER! I COULD USE ONE OF THESE CUPCAKES, THOUGH!

HEY, SPOT! WATCHA' DOING?

GET THAT DOG AWAY!

GRRRR!

OW!

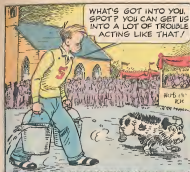
SPOT! - F'GOSH SAKES!

GR-RUFF!

RIP!

GEE! I'M GORRY, MISTER! SPOT NEVER DID THAT BEFORE....

I'LL LET YOU OFF THIS TIME, BUT I'VE A GOOD MIND TO REPORT THAT DOG!



WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU, SPOT? YOU CAN GET US INTO A LOT OF TROUBLE ACTING LIKE THAT!



MEANWHILE...

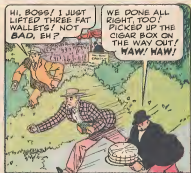
THIS'LL BE EASY! THAT GUY'S SO FAT, TWO OF US COULD STAND BEHIND HIM AND NOT BE SEEN!

OK --- HERE GOES!



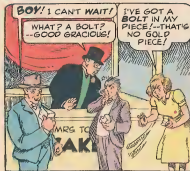
ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! GATHER 'ROUND AND PRESENT YOUR TICKETS FOR THE CAKE!

MAW! MAW! JUST WAIT'LL THEY TASTE IT!



HI, BOSS! I JUST LIFTED THREE FAT WALLETS! NOT BAD, EH?

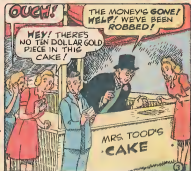
WE DONE ALL RIGHT, TOO! PICKED UP THE CIGAR BOX ON THE WAY OUT! MAW! MAW!



BOY! I CAN'T WAIT!

WHAT? A BOLT? --GOOD GRACIOUS!

I'VE GOT A BOLT IN MY PIECE! --THAT'S NO GOLD PIECE!



OUCH!

THE MONEY'S GONE! HELP! WE'VE BEEN ROBBED!

HEY! THERE'S NO TEN DOLLAR GOLD PIECE IN THIS CAKE!

SOUND AN ALARM---!
THERE'S BEEN A ROBBERY!
HELP!

GOLLY!
ROBBERS!

MY GOSH! MY
WALLETS MISSING!



WHAT'S HAPPENED
DR TWERPY?

SOMEBODY
PUT ANOTHER
CAKE HERE INSTEAD
OF MRS TODD'S, AND
TOOK THE MONEY,
TOO! CLOSE THE
GATES, SOMEBODY!

ANOTHER
CAKE?



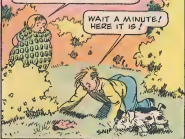
WHAT'S THE HURRY, SPECK?
YOU DIDN'T STEAL IT, DID
YOU?

'COURSE
NOT, BUT
I GOT AN
IDEA
WHO DID!



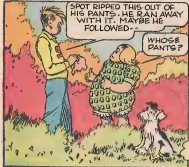
WHATCHA' LOOKING FOR? THE ROBBERS
ARE PROBABLY MILES AWAY BY THIS
TIME! LET'S GET GOING!

WAIT A MINUTE!
HERE IT IS!



SPOT RIPPED THIS OUT OF
HIS PANTS. HE RAN AWAY
WITH IT. MAYBE HE
FOLLOWED--

WHOSE
PANTS?



THE ROBBERS PANTS!--SPOT TORE
INTO 'EM WHEN THEY WERE BRINGING
THE PHONY CAKE!--LOOK! SPOT
IS PICKING UP THE TRAIL!--

GEE! YOU MEAN SPOT CAN TAKE
US WHERE THEY ARE? OH, BOY,
A MAN HUNT!

SNIF.
GRRRR!



THREE MILES FARTHER INTO THE WOODS...!
SPOTS GETTING WARMER--IN FACT HE'S HOT!

SPECK AND SIG STATION THEMSELVES IN
A NEAR-BY NOTCH!

ATTABOY, SPOT! YOU'RE DOING SWELL!

THERE THEY ARE!
SHW-AM!

HOW'LL WE CATCH
'EM? SHOULD WE
SURROUND 'EM AND
MAKE THEM THINK
THERE ARE MORE
OF US?

I GOT A BETTER
IDEA!--SEE THAT MONEY
ON THE GROUND, SPOT?
WELL, RUN AND GRAB A
HUNK, AND KEEP RUNNING,
SEE--? BUT GIVE US A
MINUTE---

I WANT FIRST
SWAT!

DAD BLAST
DAT MUTT!
COME BACK
WIT' DAT
DOUGH!

RIGHT OVER
THE PLATE,
Y'LUNK!

WH--!

OW!

CRACK

YEOW!

GRRRR!

LET 'EM HAVE IT,
SIG! WE GOT 'EM,
NOW!

WUMP!

WYAM!

SPOT CAN STAND GUARD
WHILE WE TAKE THE
STUFF BACK TO THE
BAZAAR!--OK, SPOT?

GOLLY, GEE!
WALLETS AND
EVERYTHING! AND
HERE'S DR TWERPYS
TEN-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE!

IT'S A BIG MOMENT WHEN SPECK AND SPOT
RETURN!

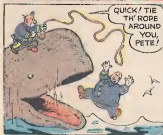
YOU TWO KIDS
HAVE SAVED THE BAZAAR!
--AND I BET THERE'S A
REWARD FOR
YOU WHEN THE
CROOKS ARE
BEHIND BARS!

WE DIDN'T
DO
ANYTHING,
DR TWERP!
SPOT DESERVES
ALL THE
CREDIT!

GOSH! MAYBE
I'LL GET THE
GOLD
PIECE!

MRS IG

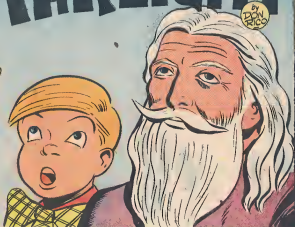
ANOTHER ADVENTURE IS RIGHT AROUND
THE CORNER FOR SPECK AND SIG--
IN THE NEXT ISSUE.....!



Mickey Starlight

by
DON
RICO

THE TWELVE OLYMPIANS



AT THE HOME OF THE STARLIGHT'S, THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY ASKS HIS SON A QUESTION

SO YOU KNOW
ALL ABOUT MYTHS,
EH, MICKEY?

A LITTLE, POP!
THE OL' HERMIT'S BEEN
TELLIN' ME ABOUT
'EM!



VERY
WELL---
WHO WERE
THE TWELVE
OLYMPIANS?

HUH?
THE-THE
TWELVE
OLYMPIANS?
HMMM!
LEMME
SEE!



HUMDINGER

UMMM--- THERE WAS---OH--- GOSH! I DISREMEMBER!



AHEM! WELL---MAYBE I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT THAT! AFTER ALL YOUR FATHER IS FAIRLY SMART, TOO, YOU KNOW!

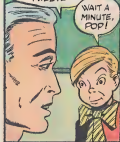


OH, SURE POP!

TO BEGIN WITH, THOUGH THE ANCIENT GREEK GODS WERE SUPPOSED TO RULE OVER VARIOUS PARTS OF THE UNIVERSE, THEY ALL MADE THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN THAT MYSTERIOUS REGION FAR ABOVE ALL THE MOUNTAINS OF THE EARTH---A PLACED CALLED OLYMPUS!



NOW---IN OLYMPUS THERE LIVED THE TWELVE----



WAIT A MINUTE, POP!

EH? WHAT'S THE MATTER, MICKEY?



EXCUSE ME, POP---BUT WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF THE OL' HERMIT SHOWED US THESE THINGS AS THEY REALLY HAPPENED?

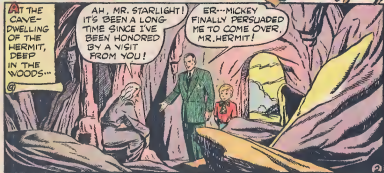
LET'S GO, SON! I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO INVITE ME!



AT THE CAVE-DWELLING OF THE HERMIT, DEEP IN THE WOODS---

AH, MR. STARLIGHT! IT'S BEEN A LONG-TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN HONORED BY A VISIT FROM YOU!

ER---MICKEY FINALLY PERSUADED ME TO COME OVER, MR. HERMIT!





MR. HERMIT, MY DAD
THOUGHT YOU'D SHOW
US WHO THE TWELVE
OLYMPIANS WERE!
CAN YOU, SIR?
HM? PLEASE?
CAN YOU?

--AND-- BEHOLD!
OLYMPUS!
THE HOME OF
THE GODS!



OLYMPIAN NUMBER
TWO WAS HERA,
OR JUNO..SHE
WAS THE GODDESS
OF MARRIAGE,
BUT SHE WAS A
PERSON ENVIOUS
OF OTHER
BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN....



WHY, CERTAINLY! FIRST WE MUST PUT
OUR MAGIC BOX TO WORK BY MIXING
THE CUSTOMARY PINCH OF FANCY WITH
A BIT OF IMAGINATION....SO!

WITHIN THE WALLS LIVED THE GREAT RULERS
OF THE SKY AND THE EARTH AND THE LAND
OF THE DEAD....HERE THEY DWELT AND
SLEPT, FEASTED ON AMBROSIA AND NECTAR
AND LISTENED TO THE SWEET MUSIC OF
APOLLO'S LYRE....AH! IT WAS A
PLACE OF PEACE INDEED!



ZEUS WAS THE
SUPREME RULER
OF THE GODS. HE
WAS LORD OF THE
SKY, THE RAIN GOD
AND THE CLOUD
GATHERER....



INDEED, WHEN ANOTHER WAS JUDGED MORE
LOVELY THAN SHE, BY PRINCE PARIS, SHE
SIDED AGAINST TROY IN THE TROJAN WAR



THE RULER OF THE SEA, BROTHER OF ZEUS, AND SECOND ONLY TO HIM, WAS NEPTUNE



HE RARELY LEFT HIS DARK KINGDOM TO VISIT THE EARTH OR OLYMPUS.... HE WAS NOT A WELCOME VISITOR....



THEN CAME HADES LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD AND KING OF THE DEAD...



HE WAS ALSO CALLED PLUTO, THE GOD OF WEALTH, POSSESSOR OF PRECIOUS METALS HIDDEN IN THE EARTH....

DAUGHTER OF ZEUS, WAS PALLAS ATHENA. SHE WAS THE GODDESS OF THE CITY OF ATHENS, THE PROTECTRESS OF CIVILIZED LIFE, OF HANDICRAFTS AND AGRICULTURE.



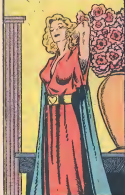
ANOTHER OLYMPIAN WAS APOLLO, GOD OF LIGHT AND TRUTH, THE HEALER...



APOLLO'S TWIN SISTER, DAUGHTER OF ZEUS, WAS DIANA, GODDESS OF THE HUNT...



AND THIS IS APHRODITE, OR VENUS, THE GODDESS OF LOVE AND BEAUTY, THE IRRESISTIBLE ONE WHO CHARMED EVEN THE VERY WISEST OF GODS AND MEN.



THEN CAME HERMES, ALSO KNOWN AS MERCURY, FLEET-FOOTED AND GRACEFUL.... HE WAS THE GOD OF COMMERCE AND THE MARKET, THE PROTECTOR OF TRADERS....



MARS! GOD OF WAR, DETESTED EVEN BY HIS FATHER AND MOTHER!



THE GOD OF FIRE, PEACE-LOVING AND AS POPULAR ON EARTH AS AMONG THE OLYMPIANS VULCAN, THE ONLY UGLY ONE OF THE GODS



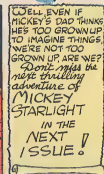
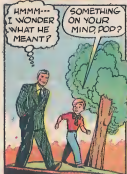
THE LAST OF THE OLYMPIAN TWELVE WAS VESTA... SHE WAS THE GODDESS OF THE EARTH, THE SYMBOL OF THE HOME....



SO THERE, MY DEAR FRIENDS, YOU HAVE SEEN THE TWELVE OLYMPIANS BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

WONDERFUL MISTER HERMIT!





BUTCH

GUARD THE GOLD
WITH YOUR
LIFE, ONE-EYE!

Story and
pix by
H. H. H.

**BUTCH OWNS THE
FAMOUS WISHING CAP.
BUT ~
HE DOESN'T KNOW ITS
MAGIC POWER TO
MAKE ALL HIS
WISHES COME TRUE!**

THE CYCLOPS OF OPHIR

HI, MR. WHOPPER!
WHAT TALL TALE
Y' COOKIN' UP NOW?

I'M STUCK, BUTCH! MAYBE
YOU CAN HELP ME END THIS
STORY, THE CYCLOPS OF OPHIR.

MR. WHOPPER OUTLINES HIS PLOT~

...AND YOU SAY THIS RAJAH DOESN'T KNOW
HIS SON HAS BEEN BEWITCHED? JEEPEERS!
I WISH I WAS IN OPHIR! I'D SPILL THE
BEANS ABOUT THAT SORCERESS!!

THE MAGIC WISHING CAP NEVER FAILS!

CAT'S WHISKERS!!
HOW'D I GET HERE?

WHAT DOG OF AN UNBELIEVER
DARES INVADE MY PALACE?!

HI, RAJAH! I'VE
COME TO FIND
THE MISSING
CROWN PRINCE!

IDIOTIC NONSENSE!
WHY YOU ARE JUST A
CHILD! MY SORCERESS
IS WORKING ON THE
CASE!?

AW! YOU'RE BEHIND THE TIMES!
LEMMIE TRY MY NEW MAGIC ON
THAT BIG CYCLOPS WHO KEEPS
YOU FROM WORKING YOUR MINE!

HE CRUSHES THE BONES
OF EVERYONE WHO COMES
NEAR!... BUT, IF YOU
HAVE NEW MAGIC...



~SO BUTCH VENTURES DANGEROUSLY
NEAR THE RAJAH'S GOLD MINE! ~

I'LL SOON SEE IF THIS
CYCLOPS IS A PHONY!



E-E-EK! WHAT
A HORRIBLE
MONSTER!!

GOLD!
GOLD!
ALL
MINE!



LOOK SHARP, ONE-EYE!
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF
A FOREIGN DEVIL!



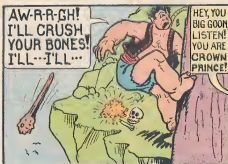
AW-R-R-GH!

HI, PRINCE!
I'M BUTCH!
I'VE COME TO
RESTORE YOU
TO...



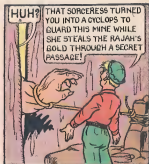
ONE-EYE
REACHES
THROUGH THE
ROCK CREVICE
TO CRUSH
BUTCH, WHO
HAS A ROPE
TRICK UP
HIS SLEEVE!





AW-R-R-GH!
I'LL CRUSH
YOUR BONES!
I'LL--I'LL--

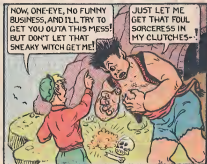
HEY, YOU
BIG GOON,
LISTEN!
YOU ARE
CROWN
PRINCE!



HUH? THAT SORCERESS TURNED
YOU INTO A CYCLOPS TO
GUARD THIS MINE WHILE
SHE STEALS THE RAJAH'S
GOLD THROUGH A SECRET
PASSAGE!



ME? - A PRINCE? - AMAZING!
I REMEMBER NOTHING OF IT! UNTIL
MY WRIST, MY TRUE
FRIEND. COME OUT.



NOW, ONE-EYE, NO FUNNY
BUSINESS, AND I'LL TRY TO
GET YOU OUTA THIS MESS!
BUT DON'T LET THAT
SNEAKY WITCH GET ME!

JUST LET ME
GET THAT FOUL
SORCERESS IN
MY CLUTCHES--



A STRANGE BRAT! - TALKING TO ONE-EYE
WITHOUT FEAR! WHAT MAGIC IS THIS?
BUT HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE ME! HEH-HEH!



I MUST GET BACK TO
THE PALACE! YOU
GUARD ME THROUGH
THE WOODS SO THAT
WITCH CAN'T NAB ME!

I'LL HIDE MY
NUGGETS AND
FOLLOW YOU.

OMIGOLLY! WHAT
A SPOOKY FOREST!
YEE! WHAT'S THAT?



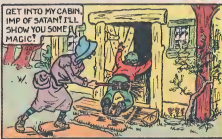
ONE-EYE, SAVE
ME! WHERE ARE
YOU?



TONGUE OF LIZARD,
FRIED NEWT'S LIPS;
HOOT OWL'S GIZZARD
AND SERPENT'S HIPS...



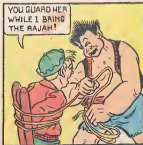
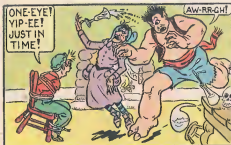
HELP,
ONE-EYE,
HELP!



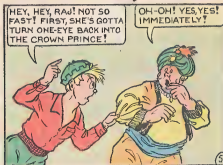
GET INTO MY CABIN,
IMP OF SATAN! I'LL
SHOW YOU SOME
MAGIC!

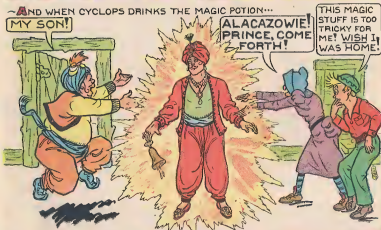
DRINK! DRINK!
A SWINE YOU'LL BE!
OH! HEH-HEH-HEH-
AH! HE-HE!





~ BUTCH BRINGS THE EXCITED RAJAH TO THE SORCERESS' CABIN ~





"U.S." ROYAL

AND HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



**SAVING THE
WARDEN'S DAUGHTER!**



DEPUTY
SHERIFF
"U.S." ROYAL
IS AT A
MEETING OF
THE BIKE
CLUB HE
SPONSORS
IN ELM
CITY WHEN
SUDDENLY...



LISTEN!

FLASH! HIS CARL HAS
ESCAPED IN THE WARDEN'S
CAR WITH THE WARDEN'S
DAUGHTER AS HOSTAGE.
HE'S HEADED FOR
ELM CITY!

C'MON, GANG, WE'VE
GOT TO STOP HIS CARL
AND SAVE THE GIRL!

BUT HOW?



YOU FELLOWS BLOCK
OFF THE ROAD... AND
LEAVE THE REST
TO ME.



LOOK! HIS CARL WON'T
STOP! THEY'RE GOING
TO CRASH!



HE'LL KILL THE
GIRL, TOO!

WATCH
"U.S." ROYAL!



SHE'S SAFE...
HURRAY FOR
"U.S." ROYAL!

WE FELLOWS IN THE BIKE CLUB ARE
READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY... AND SO
ARE U.S. BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN TREAD! THEY'RE THE
FAVORITE WITH OUR GANG AND
ALL AMERICA!



NEXT ISSUE:
FIGHTING THE
FOREST FIRE!

THAT "BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN" GIVES ME
FULL CONTROL.



U.S. BIKE TIRES ARE ALL ANY BOY COULD WANT.
THEY GIVE YOU LONG MAZAGE, SURE TRACTION
AND ON-THE-SPOT STOPS. THAT BUILT-IN SKID
CHAIN NEVER FAILS. LEAD THE BIKE PACK WITH "U.S.!"

**U.S.
BIKE TIRES**

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

GENEVIEVE'S QUEST

by Mickey Klar Marks



GENEVIEVE was a small girl who lived right down the next street in the next to the last house on the right. She was like any other girl except that she was terribly curious. I think she was the most curious girl in the world. She asked questions constantly. A day didn't pass that Genevieve didn't inquire about something at least twenty times. She'd look at her mother and say, "Mommy, why are the trees green?" or, "How do birds fly?" or, "Where does the river go to?" My, she interrogated so much that her tight blond pigtails began to curl up like question marks.

Luckily, Genevieve had a very patient mother and a very nice one, too. She knew her daughter didn't mean to be bothersome; it was just that she was so curious. So, her mother would answer every question. Sometimes when she didn't know the answer herself, she'd look it up in the dictionary or in a big book called an encyclopedia. (Isn't that last word a mouthful—encyclopedia. Do

you know what it means? Genevieve didn't until her mother told her. Encyclopedia means that lots of smart people gather all sorts of knowledge and material about all sorts of things, write it up very carefully and put all the knowledge between the covers of a book. Now you and Genevieve know what that means.)

To get back to our small, curious girl. One morning as Genevieve spooned her oatmeal, she asked, "Mommy, where does one find beauty?"

Genevieve's mother thought and thought but she couldn't find the answer, and she knew the books wouldn't give it to her either, so she said regretfully,

"I'm sorry, dear, Mommy doesn't know."

"Oh, then how shall I ever find out?"

"Well," her Mother suggested, "why don't you take a picnic lunch and see if you can find out for yourself?"

Genevieve agreed that this was an excellent plan. She took the package of jam sandwiches and an apple her

mother prepared for her and set off on her way.

She walked out of the house (that was next to the last house on the corner), down the street and out into the open country.

It was a lovely day. The air was sweet and the sun kind. Finally she came to a grove of trees and she decided to rest by the side of the road. She sat down under a friendly maple that grew near a stream bordered with flowers. Opening up her package, she ate the jam sandwiches, but she didn't even finish her apple for the walk had tired her. Her eyelids began to flutter, her head nodded and—shhhhhh—she fell asleep.

It seemed that Genevieve had just shut her eyes when she felt someone push her, and a muffled voice complained testily: "Get off me, for goodness sake, you're breaking my back!"

Genevieve jumped up and looked down. There on the ground was a tiny crocus! Or was it a tiny man? It was a man dressed in a white suit

and purple vest. He had green hands and feet, and his eyes were yellow as butter.

"You've just about ruined my petals." The man glowered. "And I haven't so many that I can afford to lose any. You should watch what you're doing."

"Oh, Mr. Crocus," she said to the flower man, "I didn't mean to hurt you. I never knew flowers had feelings."

"Of course we have feelings, silly girl, same as anyone else."

"I am sorry." Genevieve gulped as the tears filled her eyes.

"Apology accepted." Mr. Crocus waved a hand grandly. "You probably didn't see me. I am short and I know it. Think no more about it."

"Thank you. I didn't see you," Genevieve agreed. "I was so busy looking for beauty and I was so tired (for I hadn't found it), that I fell asleep any old way."

"Looking for beauty?" The Crocus looked up in amazement. "Don't you know beauty is—— well, beauty is—— I'm beautiful!" he announced, and here the little man had the grace to blush.

"Oh you are. There's nothing lovelier than the first flowers of spring. But grownups are always saying beauty is everywhere; how can anything be everywhere?"

"Why, Genevieve." A rustling, whispery voice made her look up at the maple tree.

The tree had bent over to speak to her. "You have eyes to see with? Can't you see beauty everywhere?"

"I suppose so."

"Sit down," Mr. Crocus ordered gruffly, taking Genevieve's hand in his tiny silky one and pulling her to the earth. "Beauty, my curious little miss, is everywhere in everything; the big point is, we must look for it. When you look at the blue sky or the star's twinkling in the velvet jewel box of night, you think that's beautiful, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," Genevieve nodded. "And I think flowers are beautiful and horses and dogs and——"

"That's the idea. That's what we see with our eyes. But to find beauty in everything, ah!" Mr. Crocus shut his eyes tight. "That requires great understanding and practice. Take school-books, for instance (here Genevieve made a wry face). They don't seem beautiful, but they are. Why? Because when you study, you learn, and when you learn, you grow smart and understanding of others and of the wonders of the world. I bet you don't think spinach or broccoli is beautiful, do you?"

"I don't." Genevieve agreed.

"But they are." The maple nodded his head. "They make you strong and build bones; that makes you healthy, and health is beauty."

"I know you don't play with the little girl who lives

in the house next to yours —," Mr. Crocus began sternly.

"How do you know where I live and who lives next to me?" the small curious girl asked in astonishment.

"Never your mind." Mr. Crocus crossed his green hands over his chest. "I know. I know you don't play with her because she's clumsy; she doesn't skate very well, and she's not very pretty, with her buck teeth and stringy hair, but she's kind and gentle and good, and therefore——"

"She is beautiful," Genevieve breathed. Her mouth split in a wide smile. "Oh, Mr. Crocus, I know now, I know. Beauty is everywhere. We have to see it, not only with our eyes but with our heart, too."

The crocus leaped to his feet and applauded vigorously. "Yes, Genevieve, you do know. Now run along home, for it's growing dark and your mother will worry."

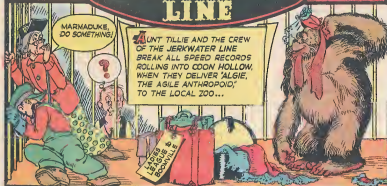
"Must I go?" she asked reluctantly.

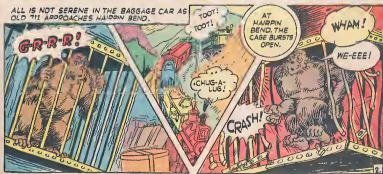
The crocus nodded his head and the maple tree shook her leaves. Genevieve picked up her paper bag, waved a fond farewell and started down the road. She turned when she heard a faraway voice call in the gathering dusk.

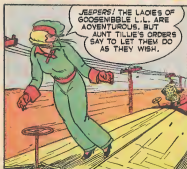
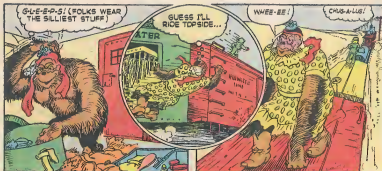
"Genevieve, don't ever forget what you learned here."

"No, no, I won't, dear Mr. Crocus. I'll always remember that beauty is everywhere. I only have to open my heart to see it."

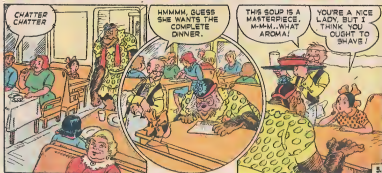
THE JERKWATER LINE





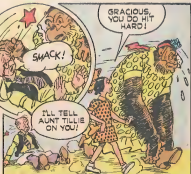
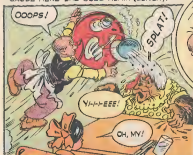


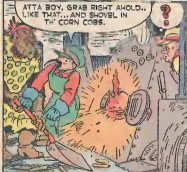
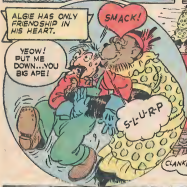
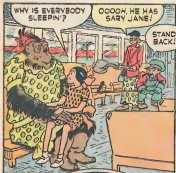
ALGIE'S KEEN SENSE OF SMELL LEADS HIM TO THE DINING CAR.

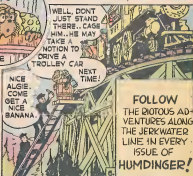
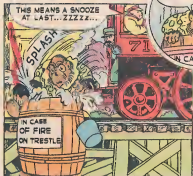
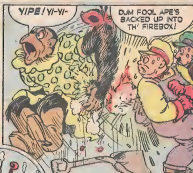
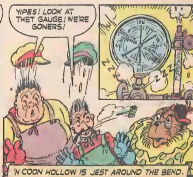
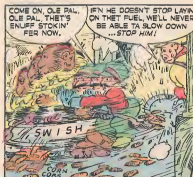


HUMDINGER

OLD TI! MUST HAVE SQUARE WHEELS TODAY,
'CAUSE HERE SHE GOES AGAIN (LURCH).







DINK

BOY, OH, BOY— JUST
WAIT UNTIL YOU
GUYS SEE
MY NIFTY
HALLOWEEN
SUIT AT
THE SCHOOL
PARTY
TOMORROW
!!

AW— I BETCHA'
MINE'S GOIN'
TO BE
BETTER

I'M GOIN'
TO WEAR
A REAL
COWBOY SUIT

I BETCHA'
MINE'S GOIN'
TO WIN THE
FID PRIZE,
BECAUSE

KEEP
YOUR
TOWN
CLEAN!

HI, FELLOWS—
WHATCHA'
DOIN' ??

by
MILY HAMMER

— MY MOTHER WENT
TO THE BIG CITY
TO BUY ME AN
AUTHENTIC PIRATE SUIT !!

THAT'S A
GOOD ONE— YOU
A PIRATE—
HA! HA!

AND
WHAT'S SO
COMICAL ABOUT
THAT, HUH
?

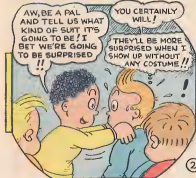
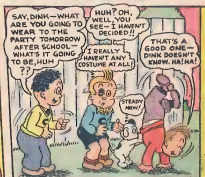
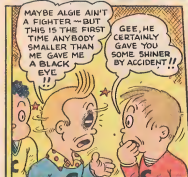
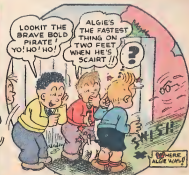
'CAUSE PIRATES
WERE TOUGH
AND STRONG—
AND YOU'RE
JUST A
SISSY !!

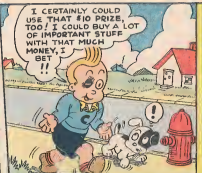
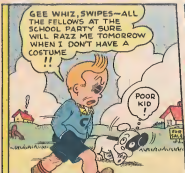
THAT'S
RIGHT— I
BET HE EVEN
GETS SEASICK
WHEN HE DRINKS
A GLASS OF WATER!
HO! HO! HO!

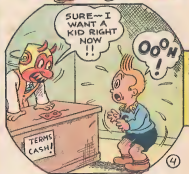
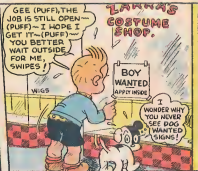
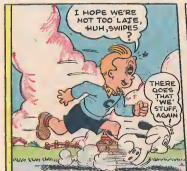
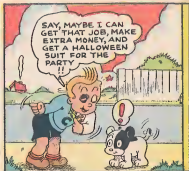
DARN YOU! I'M
JUST AS
PUGILISTIC AS
ANY OF YOU
KIDS, AND—

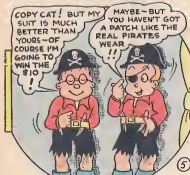
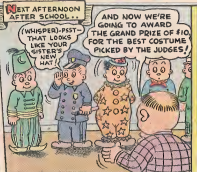
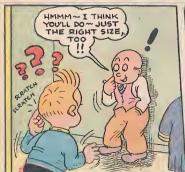
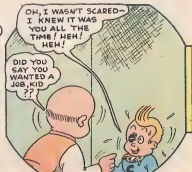
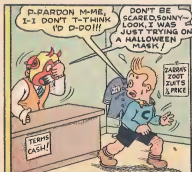
HEY !!

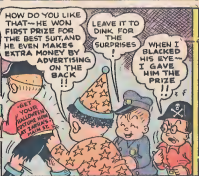
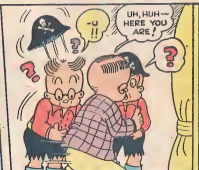
SMACK









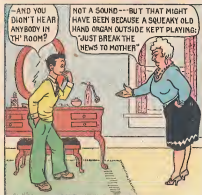


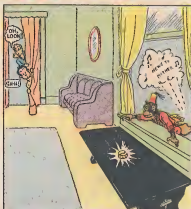
HE DOES
A BIT OF
SUPER-
SNOOPING

FOXY

-IN THE CASE
OF THE
MYSTERIOUS
JEWEL THEFTS







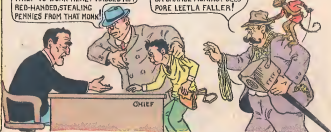


THE
POLICE
CAR
WHISKS
THEM
DOWN
TO
THE
DETECTIVE
BUREAU—



CHIEF, YOU SURE PICKED A PETTY
THIEF TO WORK HERE! NABBED HIM
RED-HANDED, STEALING
PENNIES FROM THAT MONK!

GIMME DA BAG! I NO MAKE-A
DA CHARGE AGAINST DEES
PORE LEETLA FALLER!

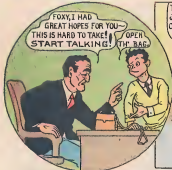


FOXY, I HAD
GREAT HOPES FOR YOU—
THIS IS HARD TO TAKE!
START TALKING!

OPEN
TH' BAG.

TSK TSK!
JEWELRY—
CHEAP STUFF
AT THAT!

HEY, YOU! STICK
AROUND! NAB
HIM, GROGAN!

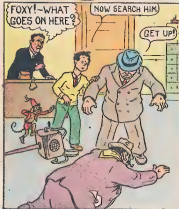


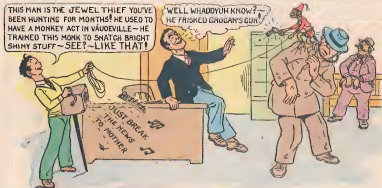
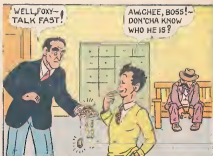
FOXY!—WHAT
GOES ON HERE?

NOW SEARCH HIM!

GET UP!

HEY, WHAT'S ALL
THIS JUNK?





KIDS IS KIDS

I HAVE A SNEAKIN' IDEA I'M ON THE TRAIL OF AN IMPORTANT CRIMINAL !!

by
BERY
GREEN



U.S. MAIL

LOCAL

OUT
TOWN

HERE'S WHERE I START A DETECTIVE, 'COURSE!

GEE, A GUY COULD TURN THAT BILL INTO A THOUSAND BUCKS!

\$1,000
REWARD

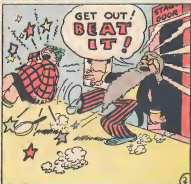


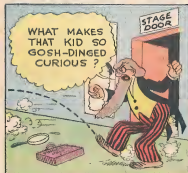
BILL AYE
TOWN HONORARY

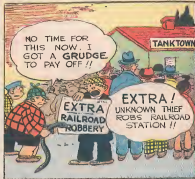
GOSH, I GOT A SWELL
IDEA!

IF SHERLOCK HOLMES CAN DO A LITTLE SLEUTHING, WHY CAN'T I?









THE NAKED TRUTH!
EH-- WHAT THE SAM
HILL IS THE MATTER WITH
MY PANTS?



HEY, WHAT
GOES ON? IT
TICKLES!



THERE
GOES
MY WIG
AN'
BEARD!



LOOK AT THE
LOOT HE HAD
IN HIS PANTS!

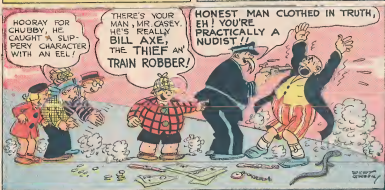
THE NAKED
TRUTH, THE
SLIPPERY
EEL !!



HOORAY FOR
CHUBBY, HE
CAUGHT A SLIP-
PERY CHARACTER
WITH AN EEL!

THERE'S YOUR
MAN, MR. CASEY.
HE'S REALLY
BILL AXE,
THE THIEF AN'
TRAIN ROBBER!

HONEST MAN CLOTHED IN TRUTH,
EH! YOU'RE
PRACTICALLY A
NUDIST!!



PULVEX DDT
FLEA POWDER

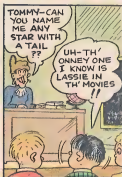
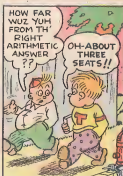
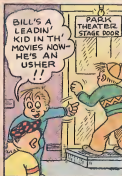
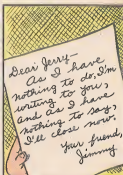
Kills the fleas
QUICKLY!
Keeps others off
for days!
Sells 25¢ and 50¢

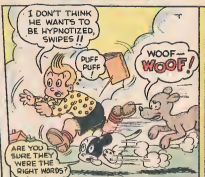
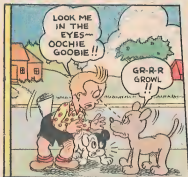
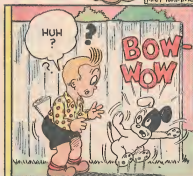
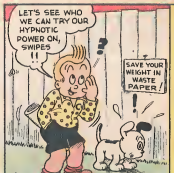
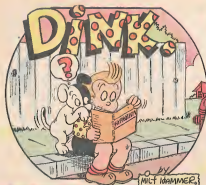
Recommended by
Vet. Authorities

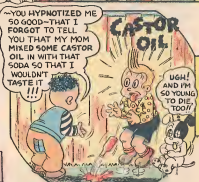
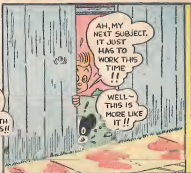
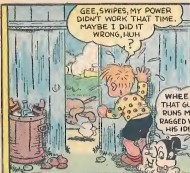


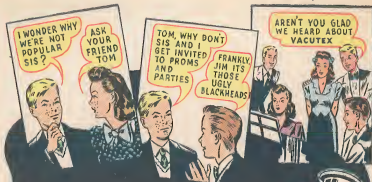
RARE AFGHANISTAN STAMP

Everyone knows stamps from Afghanistan—the border of 40
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rare. Stamp among rarities value 40¢. Color: Green. Size: 1/2" x 1/2".
Weight: .001 oz. (1/1000 lb). Material: Paper. Color: Green. Value:
40¢. (Note: I believe all included in the middle of Asia. The
different ones are only 1/2" in diameter. From the
middle of Asia. Color: Green. Value: 40¢. Size: 1/2" x 1/2".
STAMP CO. P.O. Box 100, N.Y. 100









UGLY BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS

AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

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1 UGLY BLACKHEADS



2 USE VACUTEX



3 THEY'RE OUT



ACTUAL LENGTH 3 1/2"

Only
3
EASY
STEPS

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Top slides open and pops
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POP-UP

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